UPPER GALLERY.

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POEM.

Spectabis Scenas supremâ è parte Theatri.

LONDON:

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer*'s Head, near *Temple-Bar*. MDCCLIII.

(Price Six-pence.)

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THE UPPER GALLERY.

HEN Ev'ning Clouds condenſing fall in Rain,
And draggled Crowds the cover'd Pent-houſe gain:
Tradeſmen take in their Goods, expos'd to ſale,
And tuck'd up Hoops the Maiden Leg reveal:
When Politicians into Shops repair,
And ſettle Nations, till the Sky grows clear.
Then no Walks pleaſe: All Nature ſeems to frown,
Black Kennels ſwell, and Coaches ſhake the Town;

If one fair Splendid in thy Pocket glows,
Fly to the Theatre's inſtructive Shows;
There ſome fam'd Hero of a diſtant Age,
Revives in Verſe, and pompous awes the Stage;
Or Comic Scenes leſs ſolemn Joys diſpenſe,
Pleaſe, to inſtruct, and laugh us into Senſe.
While the ſpruce-Beaux loll thoughtleſs in their Chairs,
Wrapt in thick Rug, we whiſtle up the Stairs:
So the gay Lark her lofty Path explores,
And warbles rural Muſic, as ſhe ſoars,
Now o'er the Seats in Ranks deſcending creep,
Tread cautious, and beware the headlong Steep.
Oft ſome ill-fated Nymph, with careleſs Strides,
To the Wood's ſlipp'ry Verge her Foot miſguides,
Supine ſhe falls, her white Limbs lie diſplay'd,
And ſhoot a ſudden Luſtre thro' the Shade:
Eager to ſee, the Youths aſſemble round,
And the throng'd Galleries with Laughter ſound.
So when a ſnowy Sheet attracts their Sight,
The Bees, hoarſe-murm'ring gather round the White.
So when the Lamp exalts its kindling Rays,
The Flies thick-circling buz around the Blaze.
In the dim Shade we ſit, a doubtful Race,
Diſguis'd each Voice, and cover'd ev'ry Face,

Hid in the uncock'd Hats wide ſpreading Round,
Or ſunk in ſome old Tye's immenſe Profound;
Beneath, thick Coats their friendly Capes expand.
And the Oak-Cudgel waves in ev'ry Hand.
So look on the fair *Garland*'s pompous Page,
Grub-ſtreet's immortal Toil! Some Council ſage:
From the rough Wood the Lines perplex'd ariſe,
And each ſtern Heroe frowns in dim Diſguiſe.
Nor dare, raſh Youth, by Love of Dreſs miſled,
Cloth'd in thy beſt Array, our Realms to tread;
Whene'er ſome Fopling wou'd our Shade profane
By the white Ruffle, or the glancing Cane,
All fly his Touch, and with keen-ſtinging Jeſt
Torment the Wretch, who dares to be well-dreſt.
Thus when *Æneas* ſought the *Stygian* Shade,
With Gold refulgent, and in Steel array'd,
Back fled the ſtartled Ghoſts, his bright Attire
Ey'd from afar, and diſtant murmur'd Ire.
Now fills the Dome: they trim the languid Flames,
And the glad Tapers call forth all their Beams;
Wedg'd eager in Front-ſeats, they throng, they ſqueeze.
And Fans, ſoft waving, ſhed a gentle Breeze:
Pit, Boxes, Gall'ry ſhine with blended Rows,
Ladies, and Bawds, and Cits, and Rakes, and Beaux:

'Tis

'Tis ſmiling, curt'ſying all. The Fiddles riſe,
The wing'd Notes thicken, and the Muſic flies.
When *Orpheus* taught his tuneful Lyre to ſound,
Thus Stones, Trees, Bacchanals came dancing round.
Love, ever *Dulneſs*'s moſt favour'd Theme,
Now burns the Fops with metaphoric Flame;
They woo the Fair with Fuſtian and Grimace,
Attack with Nonſenſe, and ſubdue with Lace.
Women, like Magpies, full of Pride and Noiſe,
Stalk chatt'ring round, and follow glitt'ring Toys;
Pleas'd with ſome ſhining Trifle, haſte away,
Spread their gay Plumes, and hoard the Tinſel-prey.
Some thoughtleſs Hearts deceitful Nymphs enſnare
With Pomp of Dreſs, and Gayety of Air.
So, heedleſs of the Net, the Lark's betray'd,
Charm'd by the Glaſs, that ſparkles in the Mead.
Secure from high we view th' amuſing Train,
Survey their Follies, and foreſee their Pain.
Thus Mountain-tops untroubled Quiet know,
While Tempeſts roar, and Lightnings flaſh below.
Pleas'd we elude the ling'ring Lapſe of Day,
With jocund Catch, or am'rous Roundelay;
Our Taſtes their throng'd *Heſperian* Notes confound,
Loſt in a trackleſs Labyrinth of Sound;

Gay

And the *Black Joke* reſounds from ev'ry Voice.
The Play begins, now huſh'd be ev'ry Sound,
Huſh'd the Diſcourſe of e'en that *Female Round.*
Now in fictitious Scenes our Minds engage;
Mourn with *Monimia*, or with *Hamlet* rage!
Thee, † *Brutus*, chief my raviſh'd Soul admires,
Each Word tranſports me, and each Action fires;
Thy Death, great Patriot, ſtill ſurvives in Fame,
The nobleſt Drama, as the greateſt Theme.
Now *Congreve* charms us with leſs pompous Lines,
Art joyn'd with Nature, Wit with Humour ſhines;
Whether grave Senſe, or mirthful Scenes he writes,
His Senſe inſtructs us, and his Mirth delights.
See *Garrick* glorious when in Terror dreſs'd,
See ev'ry Paſſion from his Eye expreſs'd,
In *Richard* rapid as in *Ranger* gay,
Great in Extreams he bears the Soul away.
In *Barry*'s heart-felt Strokes ſtrong Nature calls.
How Pity tears us when *Caſtalio* falls:
In *Romeo*'s Rage, what Nerves untouch'd remain,
When Love, when Poiſon ruſh thro' ev'ry Vein;
When each convulſive Throb ſlow Death precedes,
Oh aſk each burſting Breaſt how *Jaffier* bleeds!

She

† In the Tragedy of *Julius Cæſar.*

And rule the Paſſions with Almighty Hand,
Behold in *Conſtance* what fierce Earthquakes rowl,
What Storms, what Whirlwinds rend her ſhatter'd Soul!
Diſtreſs'd undone, now Madneſs, now Deſpair,
Flame in her Face, and from her Eye-balls glare,
With Reaſon mix'd—Behold a wretched Queen
Stretch'd on the Ground—but that tremendous Scene,
Amazement, Sorrow, Silence beſt can ſhow;—
Hark! how *Juliet* utters deſp'rate Woe.
O ſee ſhe drinks, the Draught! foreſtals her Doom,
Diſtracted paints the Terrors of the Tomb.
She wakes! ſhe wakes!—here all Deſcription fails,
Now *Belvidera*'s Pang the Soul aſſails.
Whilſt melting Hearts the guſhing Tear ſupply,
Caſtalia's Dews diſtil from *Cibber*'s Eye.

Ye Fops to Looking-glaſſes near akin,
Brittle without, and *Mercury* within.
Be it your Study in gay Dreſs to glare,
What Beau e'er thought the Mind deſerv'd his Care?
All vile within: thus ſordid Inſects ſwell
In the bright Concave of a painted Shell:
When ſecret Pains moleſt, affect the Spleen,
And force a Smile——to let your Teeth be ſeen:

But

But judge not Plays. 'Tis your's in Toys to shine,
In Trifles learn'd, in Women, and in Wine;
Affect not Sense: When you wou'd pass for wise
You mean some Cheat; Sense is your best Disguise.
High we preside, to give the Play-house Laws,
And call forth all the Tempest of Applause:
Thus infant Thunders mutter first on high,
A low, deep Murmur rattles thro' the Sky,
Till by Degrees the swelling Sounds descend,
And Heav'n and Earth in the loud Tumult blend.
Nor shalt thou, fam'd † Trunk-maker pass untold,
In Judgment just, and in thy Praises bold.
Thy oaken Staff, bade latent Merit shine,
The awful Stroke gave Sanction to the Line.
The Rod of *Hermes*, ancient tales recite,
Cou'd in soft Slumbers seal the swimming Sight;
Thine tasteless Hearers could attentive keep,
And teach the drowsy Audience not to sleep.
We, while thy great Example's still in View,
Tho' with inferior taste, thy Steps pursue;
Oft our Applause has found the Gall'ry fail,
And the torn Wainscot rattled with our Zeal:
We bid the Recompence of Wit go round,
And teach the doubtful Clappings where to sound:

† See the *Spectator*.

And Hands colliding propagate the Noiſe.
So where reſponſive Ecchoes circling ſpread:
Near the tall Dome, or Mountain's riſing Head,
With Cave's indented, and with Rocks emboſt,
From ſide to ſide the rolling Voice is toſt,
Note anſwers Note, unnumber'd Sounds purſue,
Unreal Sounds, but Images of true.

But now the Curtain falls, the Muſic flies,
From their throng'd Seats the yawning Audience riſe;
Whilſt with ſlow Speed the ruſhing Crowds deſcend,
The Stairs ſound hollow, and the Gall'ries bend.
Me guard, O Muse propitious, thro' the throng,
Now half o'erthrown, now lofty heav'd along;
The Boards here meet my Head with rude Salute,
There trampled toes with piercing tortures ſhoot,
Thus Satan in the Realms unknown to Day,
Thro' the vaſt Chaos urg'd his various Way,
Now heav'd ſublime, now plung'd in endleſs Deeps,
He flies, or ſwims, or wades, or ſinks, or creeps.

The Beaux and Fair laſt quit the thinn'd Abode,
(The brawny Chairman pants beneath his Load)
Gay Creatures, proud of Dreſs and tranſient Bloom,
The light things flutter round, and gild the Gloom.

So

o where the Sew'rs thro' broken Channels glide,
nd ſtagnant Filth coagulates the tide,
ur'd by the Stench unnumber'd Flies reſort,
nd wanton circling, mix in various Sport;
rom ſide to ſide the humming Inſects run,
Vave their gilt Wings, and glitter in the Sun.
But where ſhall hungry Bard for Refuge fly
rom Paths nocturnal, and a wintry Sky?
ghaſt I feel the Chairman's Pole behind,
nd dread loud Coaches in each ruſtling Wind!
hro' my rent Coat the chilling Tempeſts blow,
nd gaping Shoes admit the Tide below!
hus numb'd by Froſts, or drench'd in ſoaking Rain,
ft I explore my empty Purſe in vain;
las! no Sixpence riſes to my Hand,
hoſe magick Force could flying Cars command.
t length, I come where 'mid th' admiring Round,
n Verſe alternate, warbled Ballads ſound,
allads myſelf had fram'd with wond'rous Art,
o gain a Supper, or a Milk-maid's Heart!
with the Crowd, the tuneful Sounds purſue,
hat won't the Love of Fame and Muſic do?
ow the arch Stripling from ſome neighb'ring Stand,
urls Flames malignant from his lifted Hand;

Whizzing

Whizzing they fly; the Crowd aghaft retires
From the dread Squib, and future ſpreading Fires.
It bounces, burſts, and in a Flaſh is loſt,
From ſide to ſide the reeling Crowds are toſt;
Now heav'd on high, now trampled under Feet,
And *Poets* roll with *Coblers* in the Street.
So when, as MILTON has ſublimely ſung,
With civil Wars Heav'n's ſtarry Concave rung,
The Rebel Hoſts their hollow Tubes diſplay,
Loud Thunders roar, and Smoke obſcures the Day.
Ruin and wild Confuſion fill the Sky,
And Angels rolling on Archangels lie.

FINIS